Newspapers by ancestry
https://www.newspapers.com/image/425877130

Downloaded on Mar 26, 2024

JAZZ FESTIVAL

"I've done more electronic music. I'm more of an authority in that realm. With musicians, there are certain expectations." Jamie Lidell

REVIEWS

Cook back at spiritual home

MARK LEPAGE
SPECIAL TO THE GAZETTE

There have been more suspenseful gigs. Flamenco guitarist Jesse Cook absorbed the first clap-along and rock-star screech from his audience early on last night – before he had played a note. So it went for the biggest-selling draw at Festival '06.

Cook was opening a two-night, four-show run at Metropolis that has moved 4,000 tickets faster than you can say "Andalusia" or "New Age flamenco textures." And let us say "justly so."

"Please applaud wildly for pretty much anything we do tonight," Cook said – unnecessarily, as it turned out. An unpretentious sensing as he is talented and commercially savvy, the Canadian guitarist – did you not guess he was Canadian? – is a tall drink of water who had the audience deep in his pocket from the beginning.

So he's successful. He's friendly. And success hasn't changed him, as someone who interviewed him in the early days can attest. Cook is a sterling example of the festival as a developmental enterprise. Having passed through the tiny-club stage and moved through the outdoor stage, he is now a bankable name in a business that needs them.

So he brought opening maroscuche violinist Vasyl (Papa Duke) Popadiuk back out to reprise his gypsy role. He humbly fronted his two backup guitarists, two percussionists and two flamenca divas through new songs ("G Minor Gypsy Something") and older ones like Luna Llena. He was fleet of four fingers on the fretboard. And a casual stroll back past the souvenir stand – after listening to Cook bring smoother-than-buffoness to the heat-within-discipline essence of flamenco – reminded us of how quickly entrenched he has become. Cook was recording and filming a DVD in Metropolis for the second time, the first having been shot in 2004, and there will likely be a third.

Jesse Cook performs again tonight at 6 and 9:30 at Metropolis, 59 Ste. Catherine St. E.

Jorge has festive spirit

T'CHA DUNLEVY
GAZETTE MUSIC CRITIC

"Bonjour les amis. La musique brésilienne c'est pour les vacances, oublier les patrons, et faire des bisous sur la bouche."

With this introduction, in able French, Brazilian singer Seu Jorge brought the festive spirit of samba to the Spectrum last night.

Also an actor – who has starred in the Rio slum saga City of God, and had a memorable bit part (singing David Bowie covers in Portuguese) in The Life Aquatic with Steve Zissou – Jorge approaches music without pretension.

He stood not at centre stage, but in a row with his four bandmates (a drummer, two percussionists and a bassist – rhythm is the key here). His deep, gravelly voice carried infectious charm, perfect for his funky, infectious melodies.

The largely partisan crowd was with him from the get-go, cheering, singing and clapping along at every chance. One young woman jumped on stage early on, launching a trend that would carry through the night.

It wasn't always appropriate, particularly during his social wake-up call Ei, Sou Favela (I Am Favela), in which two other young women got up to strut their stuff.

But on the whole, it was well-intentioned good fun, and Jorge was more than happy to indulge and encourage his audience. By the end, the room was swept up in the heady rush of a classic carnival anthem.

tdunlevy@thegazette.canwest.com

NOTES

'50s Brooklyn via modern-day Austria

BAUCHKLANG HAS AMERICAN ESSENCE

And everyone seems tuned in to Radiohead, albeit on very different frequencies

Saturday

Listening to the Austrian vocal sextet **Bauchklang** at Club Soda, you might have thought you were on a Brooklyn street corner in the doo-wop '50s. Not quite! Triggered by booming hip-hop beats, their "sounds from the stomach" (as they put it) conveyed inner sonorities of amazing elasticity, with echoes of Sam Cooke soul (for example) finding a place in their contemporary stylisticism. Funny how Europeans "get" the essentials of American music that Americans rarely bother to master anymore.

JUAN RODRIGUEZ

Sunday

If you believe in the power of the global village, the answer to the following question is a no-brainer: Can an Australian group make reggae its own in the service of transcontinental pop? **The Cat Empire** provided the affirmative at two surprise free shows at the main General Motors stage. Their island soul was lavishly dished out in spades by singer Felix Riebl and the gang, who exploded a crowd-pleasing formula by making the roiling rhythms distinctively rich in timbre and consistently adventurous.

JUAN RODRIGUEZ

It seemed as if Radiohead was everywhere Sunday. In the first of four solo-piano tributes to the brilliant British band at the Chapelle Historique du Bon Pasteur, **Christopher O'Riley** brought out a richness of melody that's only implied in their recordings, giving several songs a Debussy-flavoured makeover. Describing himself as "the biggest Radiohead geek in the world," O'Riley proceeded to dig out obscurities like Good Morning Mr. Magpie, performed only once by the group on a webcast, and Punch Drunk Lovesick Singalong. There was a good helping of "hits" like Karma Police and Paranoid Android as well. For hard-core radioheads, the set list was expected to change with each performance.

Over on the TD Canada Trust stage, **Phantom Power Combo Deluxe** wound down its one-hour performance with Radiohead's Everything in Its Right Place. Designed to infuriate jazz snobs and delight those who abhor labels, the Montreal quartet unleashed an arsenal of sampled sounds over a trumpet that often evoked post-Bitches Brew wah-wah mania and a rhythm section that dabbled in everything from rock to disco to be-bop. And whaddya know? It sounded a lot like good jazz. If you don't mind the odd sly quote from Led Zeppelin, catch these guys at the intimate Savoy Room at Metropolis, where they play nightly at the festival at midnight, except tonight and Sunday.

BERNARD PERUSSE

Soprano and alto saxophonist **Kenny Garrett** was Miles Davis's last great soloist, who came into his own with strikingly proficient albums in the last dozen years or so. However, the first set at his Spectrum show was a glut of long solos that seemed lost from the word go (Garrett's compositions just can't seem to hack variations) and treated sounds bereft of acoustic integrity or electronic savoir faire. All very slick, but cold.

JUAN RODRIGUEZ

McCoy Tyner, 67, is the only survivor of the early 1960s John Coltrane Quartet, but at Théâtre Maisonneuve, there were only faint echoes of the two-fisted, powerhouse playing that was his trademark. Blame it partly on poor acoustics. Still, there were rich harmonies coming from his keyboard, with top-notch playing from saxophonists **Eric Alexander** (tenor) and **Donald Harrison** (alto), **Wallace Roney** (trumpet) and **Steve Turre** (trombone). This was a tribute to Impulse! Records; the best pieces were Oliver Nelson's Stolen Moments and Trane's beloved Mr. PC., which closed the show on a high note.

IRWIN BLOCK

The jury's still out on whether **Corinne Bailey Rae** is everything the music biz hype machine would have you believe, but the British singer's 12-song set at Club Soda – her entire debut disc and an inspired cover of Led Zeppelin's Since I've Been Loving You – tipped the scale ever so slightly on the side of the yeas. The worrying ordinariness of Like a Star, which sounds like the work of any other dime-a-dozen singer-songwriter, was followed by the spirited, infectious pop of Put Your Records On, illustrating the central dilemma. But with more of the Smokey Robinson-type smooth soul that elevates Call Me When You Get This, skeptics will have to concede that she just might have both the voice and the songs.

BERNARD PERUSSE

One of the best things about accordionist **Daniel Mille**, who played the Gesù, is that he's not the least bit influenced by Astor Piazzolla. Tango was non-existent, but the classic Paris state of mind – reveries on the Seine and Rive Gauche cafés – was given full jazz treatment with the clarion-toned trumpeter **Stéphane Belmondo** along for the ride. Mille is a deft impressionist (modern enough but not too much) who doesn't hog the spotlight (perhaps to a fault), and he sized up the late-night setting in the festival's most intimate theatre to a T. His airy, wordless vocals were the cerise sur le sundae.

JUAN RODRIGUEZ

With legendary guitarist **Lyun Tait** in tow, **Lorraine Muller** delivered a tribute to Jamaica's rocksteady years, roughly 1966 to 1968. Also backed by a seven-piece band that included drummer **Mike G.** of her regular group, Lo and the Magnetics, Muller paid sweet and heartfelt tribute to the music that bridged ska and reggae and usually delivered better melodies than either. Bottom line: Muller and company's killer one-hour performance, dubbed The Fabulous Lo-Lo Sings Rocksteady, was a festival highlight so far. Covers of classics by sadly departed genre icons like Phyllis Dillon and the great Desmond Dekker were among the magnets that drew serious skanking – modified for rocksteady's less frenetic rhythm – to the front of the Samsung stage. And let's not forget Tait's solos, which were wonderfully nuts. Man, no wonder the La Ronde fireworks started lighting up the sky during the 10 p.m. set.

BERNARD PERUSSE

Is the hip-hop culture big enough for a Nova Scotian whose cultural touchstones include Charles Bukowski's poetic abjectness, Serge Gainsbourg's perverse pop exuberance and Johnny Cash's dour steadfastness? Actually, the way **Buck 65** delivered the goods at Club Soda, with a keyboard-drums band called the Fancy Pants, rendered the answer moot. Performing songs from his classical-avant-pop album Secret House Against the World – a brave switcheroo from his country-rap breakthrough, Talkin' Honky Blues – he hit home with fierce iconoclasm. Unsentimental but funky-romantic, he had dust on his boots and a novelist's talent for making unvarnished reality magical.

JUAN RODRIGUEZ

The venues just keep getting bigger for **Martha Wainwright**, who played to a packed Metropolis. Opening the evening alone on guitar, she sang her soaring ballad I Will, Internalize, with her band not far behind. Her melodramatic intensity was the opposite of Cat Power's truly internalized whispers, earlier Sunday at the Spectrum; each was arresting in her own way. Wainwright puts it all on the table, hashing it out for all to hear. This was her last hometown show for a while, as she prepares to hit the studio for a new album.

T'CHA DUNLEVY

JOHN KENNEY THE GAZETTE

Corinne Bailey Rae's Club Soda show had just enough power to convince a few skeptics of her merit.

LIDELL Alone with his beats in concert

CONTINUED FROM D1

He found a like-minded co-conspirator in another stage ham, pianist-rapper-producer Gonzales, who will coincidentally be playing an early-evening jazz fest show on Friday, the same day as Lidell's midnight appearance at Club Soda – a fact he was elated to learn.

"Really? He'll probably join me, then. We always said if we were ever playing in the same city, we'd team up. That's f-king great. We'll definitely do a couple of songs together.

"(Gonzales) is an amazing musician, a cool character. He's larger than life. He keeps me on my toes, fills in the blanks. I presented my music in a certain way that is weird and not very clear. Gonzo can read between the lines."

Though he shed electronics for Multiply, Lidell is already off the wagon. His recently released remix album Multiply Additions features reworkings of his songs by a variety of artists, including Gonzales, Matthew Herbert, Four Tet and Mocky.

> *"Machines are slaves, and it's kind of cool working with slaves."*
> Jamie Lidell

For Lidell's live show, it's just him and the beats, ensuring him complete control.

"I've done more electronic music," he explained. "I'm more of an authority in that realm. With musicians, there are certain expectations. If you present yourself as a bandleader, you have to have some rudimentary knowledge of keys and the like, and talk the language in a way I've never been good at doing. I'm not from that tradition.

"Machines are slaves, and it's kind of cool working with slaves."

As for what direction his next project might take, he was mischievously elusive, returning to meal-time metaphors.

"I don't know if there's such a thing as a perfect afternoon record. What's good for lunch? I've never liked sandwiches. A lot of people like sandwiches. How about a nice soft Thai soup? That would be impressive. I don't know if that's possible or palatable. But that's as much as I know – I feel strange giving that much away."

Jamie Lidell performs Friday at midnight at Club Soda, 1225 St. Laurent Blvd. Tickets cost $22.50. Call 514-286-1010 or 514-908-9090.

tdunlevy@thegazette.canwest.com

ASSOCIATED PRESS

Paul Simon gets lifted tonight.

BEST BETS

8 and 10 p.m. Freddy Koella (CBC Television Best Buy stage) – A two-year tour with Dylan prepared this Franco-American for his solo acoustic debut, Minimal.

9:30 p.m. Tribute to Paul Simon (General Motors stage) – Great things are promised in this star-studded tribute to Rhymin' Simon, which features, among others, Elvis Costello, Sam Roberts and Daniel Lanois.

TODAY'S SHOWS

TICKETED SHOWS

6 and 9:30 p.m. Jesse Cook, with Papa Duke, Metropolis, 59 Ste. Catherine St. E., $36.50.
7 p.m. Le Ratmas est en fête with Dorothée Berryman, Bateau Cavalier Maxim, departing from King Edward Pier in the Old Port, $90.55 to $119.40.
Midnight. Pink Floyd Redux, performed by Bob and Bill (Guy Dubuc and Marc Lessard) with various female singers, Club Soda, 1225 St. Laurent Blvd., $19.50.

FREE SHOWS

11 a.m. and 1:30 p.m. La Petite École du Jazz, Grande Place, Complexe Desjardins.
5 p.m. Accosies Sax, CBC Television Best Buy stage.
5:30 p.m. Lolo-Québec parade with Zachary, starts from Alcan stage.
6:30 p.m. Nano, Carrefour General Motors.
7 p.m. Bat Tayler, Lolo-Québec stage.
7 and 10 p.m. Roberto Occhipinti, Club Jazz TD Canada Trust.
7:30 p.m. Ya Rangaa, Bell stage.
8 and 10 p.m. Rozanne Pelvin, Samsung stage.
8 and 10 p.m. Freddy Koella, CBC Television Best Buy stage.
8 p.m. Swing Tonique Band, Alcan stage.
9 and 11 p.m. The Eric Beamer Band, Lolo-Québec stage.
9:30 p.m. Tribute to Paul Simon, featuring Allen Toussaint, Ariane Moffatt, Bedouin Soundclash, Colin James, Daniel Lanois, Daniel Theuin, Elvis Costello, Holly Cole, Jamie Cullum, JB Pumped Singers of Montreal, Jeri Brown, Jim Cuddy, Kevin Parent, Kuriyaa, Michel Rivard, Sam Roberts and Zachary Richard, General Motors stage.
10 p.m. Nu Jazz, Bell stage.
11 p.m. John Money Trio, Hyatt Regency Salon Jeanne Mance, free with festival card.

DISC OF THE DAY

Various Artists

Pink Floyd Redux
Zone 3

Right off the bat, you have to award points for originality. Is there a band that would seem less suited to chill-out ambience than the larger-than-life Pink Floyd? But a group of Canadian female singers, including Sarah Slean, has gone for it. Julie C.'s ethereal version of Breathe, Ali Slaight's soul-lite take on Learning to Fly, the gentle electronica of Giselle Webber's Another Brick in the Wall (Part 2) and Lia Hughes's creepy The Great Gig in the Sky are among the spacey oddities here. Arrangements and musical backing are provided by Bob and Bill (Guy Dubuc and Marc Lessard), who bring the project to the stage tonight at Club Soda, with some of the disc's vocalists scheduled to help them bring art-rock into the lounge. **(Pink Floyd Redux is performed tonight at midnight at Club Soda, 1225 St. Laurent Blvd. Tickets cost $19.50. Phone 514-908-9090 or go to www.ticketpro.ca.)**

BERNARD PERUSSE

Copyright © 2024 Newspapers.com. All Rights Reserved.
Powered by Newspapers.com